2:Iliff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

These Indians apparently had no knowledge of 273
peyote. There was no intoxicating liquor of any kind on the
reservation. I was beginning to realize that, on the surface, life in 000
this canyon might be like living among children, except when
savage tempers were aroused—and then? Well, I had asked for
adventure.

I still did not know what to write in that annual report.

The school session had been interrupted by the departure of 224
the former superintendent. Vacation, at this school, came in the 222
fall, when the entire tribe made an exodus to the mesa to hunt
game and to gather wild seeds and plants, so I planned to open
school on Monday morning, asking Vesnor to notify the people
in the village. The following Saturday I would be free to take a 161
census of the tribe and determine the acreage under cultivation. So 311
far, I had no basis whatever from which to work out the report
Mr. Ewing wanted. But by verifying the statement of a former
teacher that there were two hundred fifty Indians in the tribe and
three hundred fifty acres in gardens and orchards, I could incor-
porate his figures in my report to Washington.

Even in summer, the sun did not rise in our part of the canyon 132
until after nine o'clock, so it was still gloomy and damp when I
crossed the grounds to the school building Monday morning. The 133
school plant stood at the head of the stream, the dividing line
between the upper, desert end of the canyon and the lower sec-
tion, a jungle of greenness. Immediately behind our schoolhouse
stood a column of stone about three hundred feet high, partly
detached from the wall by rain and frost. If it fell, it would bury
the schoolhouse beneath tons of rock. The danger seemed immi-
nent as I gazed at the upper end of the column, standing straight
and free. Later, I learned that such columns topple over only
after a flood.

I had rung the warning bell, and it was time for school, but no 812
children had appeared. Then the bushes parted violently and 177
dozens of little Indians burst through on the run. Behind them,
maneuvering his well-trained pony with all the skill of a cattleman
rounding up strays, rode Vesnor. The older pupils followed more

812 177 leisurely; Vesnor did not drive those who came of their own volition. Nevertheless, this method of bringing children to school seemed wholly unnecessary, if not cruel.

"Why do you drive them?" I protested. "They should come to school without that."

"I no bring, swim in creek all day. I got no time to fool," came his indignant answer.

Vesnor's method of maintaining an average attendance of seventy-one out of an enrollment of seventy-two doubtless had been instituted by a former teacher, and must have grown out of necessity. I decided not to change it until I became better acquainted with conditions governing school attendance.

[157] The children were timid, but wholesome and obedient and gifted with a pleasing native charm for they had come in contact with almost no white people except those employed at the school. [142] Their complexions were light, because most of their day was without sunshine. They came to school with faces cleanly scrubbed, [515] hair sleek and often still dripping wet, and wearing clean uniforms. They had that beautiful stream, while the Walapai had only the water the women carried a long distance in cans or in woven bottles suspended from straps across their foreheads. Very [347] noticeable, too, was the effect of their permanent homes compared to the temporary shacks in which their cousin tribe lived. We allowed these children to wear their school uniforms home, where they folded them neatly and laid them over a pole near the ceiling of the house before they dashed out to play in the stream. What a relief it was—no faces to wash, no hair to comb, no sores to treat, no bath day!

Finally seventy-one children had crowded into the room (built to accommodate forty-six!). All—except Lucy. There was a suspicious silence when I called her name. The children stared at me with their honest eyes, but refused to explain her absence. So I read them a story and we sang songs until the room was light enough for study.

Recess gave us a breath of fresh air out under the trees. And

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

how we needed it! The air in the room was thick with the smell of sweating bodies and campfire smoke. I kept wondering why Lucy was not in school that day, so asked Sue, her sister. Sue was an intelligent girl of thirteen, and quite unhappy about Lucy. She told me that her father had sold her sister to an elderly widower because he offered more blankets and corn than the boy with whom Lucy was in love could pay. I wondered if I should rescue Lucy from the old widower's clutches, and argued the matter with myself until the task of trying to teach seventy-one pupils in that hot room drove all thought of her thwarted romance from my mind.

Shortly before the noon recess, the room grew dark, except for occasional flashes of lightning. Heavy rolls of thunder reverberated up and down the canyon. Rain was pouring at dismissal time, so we sang songs until the quick summer shower had passed. Unless Frances and her detail of boys and girls had the food cooked before the rain came, there would be no hot lunch for the children, since the cooking was done out of doors. The dining tables stood under the big tree in front of our cottage.

The officers marched their companies to the tables, which had been hastily wiped off and set after the shower. There were dishes of stew and cooked dried fruit on each table. I tapped the bell for silence, and the children said grace, yanked the stools from under the tables and began filling their plates. The habit of eating hurriedly was their heritage from the days in the not distant past, when too many meals had been interrupted by enemy raids.

As a special honor, and also because we needed their help, we seated an older boy at one end of every table and an older girl at the opposite end, each an officer. They served the smaller children, then usually got too busy with their own meal to give further attention. So I supervised the serving of the food, giving help where needed and encouraging correct table manners.

The waiters brought plates of hot biscuits; they were emptied as they touched the tables but when the biscuits were broken open, the inside was soft dough. The shrub, under which the range

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

872 177 stood, had been too meager a protection; the rain had put out the fire, leaving the biscuits half baked.

In the warehouse, we had stacks of wooden boxes filled with 872 177 hardtack—hard, saltless crackers. We opened one of these boxes and served the hardtack, but not one was touched by the children. 262 Frances, who understood the situation, called me aside and laughing, explained.

"It happened a few weeks before you came and we've joked about it ever since," she said. "The Indian women were hired to pack the hardtack down the trail on their burros. One of the burros bumped a case against an outjutting ledge, breaking it open. We suspected that the women had a hand in the accident—gave the burro a shove, maybe—for they are always ready to eat. They gorged themselves, then climbed down to a spring and drank all the water they wanted. Believe me, they were sick! When they finally staggered down to the village, they branded the hardtack 'bad medicine,' saying over and over, '*Hanatoopegal* (No good).' Since then the children will not touch hardtack."

Unless the children could be persuaded to eat the crackers, they would leave the table hungry; also our entire supply would be wasted. I had used experiments many times to intrigue the interest of my public school pupils; a very simple one might do the trick now. I held up one of the hardtack for them to see, calling attention to its size. I laid it in a dish of water and in almost breathless silence they watched it swell and swell. I explained that their mothers had eaten too many crackers and drunk too much water, making their stomachs too full. That was why they suffered.

[520] The children caught the picture of the women's greed causing their pain, and laughed. Like all people who live precariously, the Havasupai found relief from hardship and danger in a ready sense of humor. The discomfiture of even one's own mother was funny, except in cases of illness or severe suffering. But the experiment had restored hardtack to its rightful place as a food. They ate it with their former relish.

262 When I dismissed school that evening, we had no need of

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

rigating purposes and an abundant crop is assured him. The almost perpendicular walls of the canyon, which he has made his home, are lined with storehouses which in the autumn he fills with corn, beans, and other products of his labor.

The most discouraging feature at present to the Havasupai is the fact that many of them have no farming implements. The farmer often loans them plows and hoes, which are always promptly returned. When unable to borrow implements, they laboriously loosen the soil with sticks. If farming implements were furnished them, they could easily cultivate all the land to which they have access. Much labor and time would thus be saved, and what is still more important, their surplus products thus gained could be marketed, which would enable them to provide themselves with warm clothing for the winter months.

All of the Indians of this tribe dress in part in citizens' clothes, and most of them are quite willing to adopt the ways of the white man. They depend very little on the professed abilities of the medicine man. . . . As they come in contact with very few white people, except those employed at the school, very few of them speak enough English to make themselves understood.

Havasupai Day School—This school has a capacity of 46, but has been crowded beyond its proper limit, having an average attendance of 71.

We have a good stone school building, but it is not large enough to accommodate the school. The pupils' lunch is served under a cottonwood tree, which fails to protect them from the heavy summer rains we are now having. . . . As there is an abundance of stone in the canyon it would cost but little to build a dining room with a wareroom attached, where the supplies could be safely stored.

Work in the laundry and sewing room is ably conducted. Both boys and girls are detailed to assist in cooking the noonday lunch, and, under the supervision of the cook, do excellent work.

I trust that either 20 of the largest boys and girls will be transferred to the Truxton Canyon Training School when it opens September 1, or a kindergarten department will be added to this school, as it is impossible for one teacher to instruct 71 pupils in a creditable manner.

Permit me to express my appreciation of your support and encouragement.

Very respectfully,

FLORA J. GREGG, *Superintendent*

resources formerly available to them. When wild foods became scarce, women began to weave baskets for sale to tourists at Grand Canyon. Tourist demand for basketry exceeded that of neighboring tribes with whom the Havasupai had traded. In recent years, basket weaving has decreased in popularity among women, because it is tedious work and compensation is inadequate for time and effort expended. 464 177 562

A younger generation of women has discovered a source of income, larger and more easily acquired than that from basket weaving, in employment at Grand Canyon and elsewhere. Nearly all young girls now spend some time prior to marriage working at Grand Canyon or elsewhere. Usually, they do maid service or kitchen work for the tourist establishment or housework for resident white families in the Grand Canyon community.

On the reservation, a young woman is postmistress, and the Indian Service, until the day school was discontinued in 1955, employed a woman as school housekeeper-cook, rotating this job among applicants from year to year to distribute the income among families. A number of other women are permanently employed off the reservation.

In the younger generation, one girl who graduated from high school in 1951 applied for admission to nursing school but was refused because of her health. Subsequently, she worked a year in a Phoenix hospital, was a housemaid in Los Angeles, was a matron at Sherman Institute in Riverside, California, and presently is employed in an Oakland hospital as a nurse's aid. She is an exception rather than the rule, showing more initiative than most other girls or boys of the same age. Significantly, her mother is perhaps the best educated, most progressive, and most ambitious woman of her own generation, a woman unafraid to instigate action in matters that concern the tribe and courageous in speaking her opinions in public meetings of the tribal council.

A majority of both boys and girls in recent years have failed to complete high school and many have left school at the eighth or ninth grade level or earlier, thus limiting themselves in the kind of employment they can obtain and restricting themselves to the lower income brackets in comparison with better educated or job-trained white youths of comparable age. On the whole, Havasupai girls tend to remain in school longer than do the boys. [872]

Ownership and Inheritance of Property

In aboriginal times, Havasupai women had clear right of ownership to personal items such as clothing and tools used for basket weaving or other work, articles of their own manufacture such as baskets, and money or other goods acquired in selling or trading items belonging to them. In addition, feminine property included baskets, pottery, and other articles used 422 562

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Infants spend much of their time in cradle boards which their maternal grandmothers make of cottonwood and willow.

177 658 872 361 The Indian Service maintains a day school in the canyon for the young children in which classes are held during the winter months. This, of course, also operates to keep many families in the village all year round. Although some entire family groups live out of the canyon in Indian camps at Grand Canyon, Williams, and a few other small towns, it is more common for the family home to be maintained in Supai while one or two members of the group work outside temporarily. In the spring and fall when planting and harvest are carried out, it is essential for the whole family to be on hand and most of them are.

177 443 655 The store in the village provides at least as much food as the fields do. It is open every day from ten o'clock to noon and stocks an amazing variety of canned foods, and staple goods. It is owned and operated by the Tribal Council for the benefit of the tribe and the prices are far more reasonable than one would think, since every item in the store must be packed into the canyon on horseback. The shelves are stocked with canned meats, spaghetti, chili, soups, and many kinds of sweets. Fresh lemons, canned orange juice, cigarettes, canned milk, Kleenex, and even eggs may be purchased there. Favorite brands have become firmly established and

[P. 41 A]